I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductious dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iust,
As I am subtile, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy, which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a gard of men.*
Heere Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace? (pointed
Cla. His Maiestie tendering my persons safety hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the tower.
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower.
But whats the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toies as these,
Haue mooued his highnesse to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship Anthony

Anthony Wooduile her brot
That made him send Lord H
From whence this present da
We are not safe. Clarence, we
Cla. By heauen I thinke t
But the Queenes kindred an
That trudge betwixt the Ki
Heard ye not what an humb
Lord Hastings was to her for
Glo. Humbly complainin
Got my Lord Chamberlaine
Ile tell you what, I thinke it
If we will keepe in fauour wi
To be her men and weare he
The iealous oreworne widow
Since that our brother dubd
Are mightie gossips in this m
Bro. I beseech your Grac
His Maiestie hath straightli
That no man shall haue priu
Of what degree soeuer with
Glo. Euen so and please y
You may partake of any thin
We speake no treason man,
Is wise and [illegible]uous, and
Well strooke in yeares, faire
We say that Shore's wife ha
A cherry lippe, a bonny eye
And that the Queenes kind
How say you sir, can you de
Bro. With this (my Lor
Glo. Naught to do with M
He that doth naughte with
Were best he do it secretly
Bro. What one my Lor
Glo. Her husband knaue
Bro. I beseech your Gr
Your conference with the

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